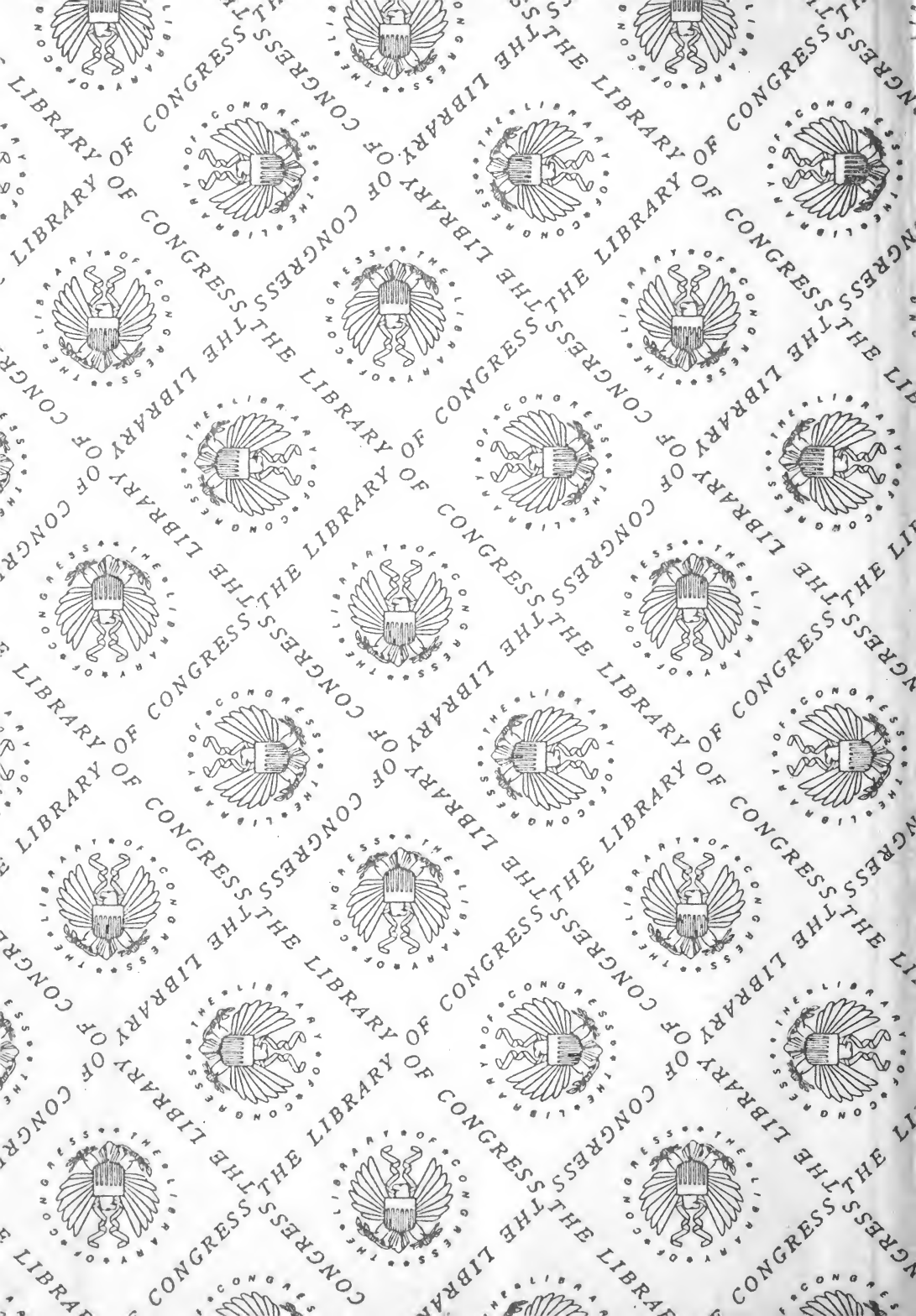
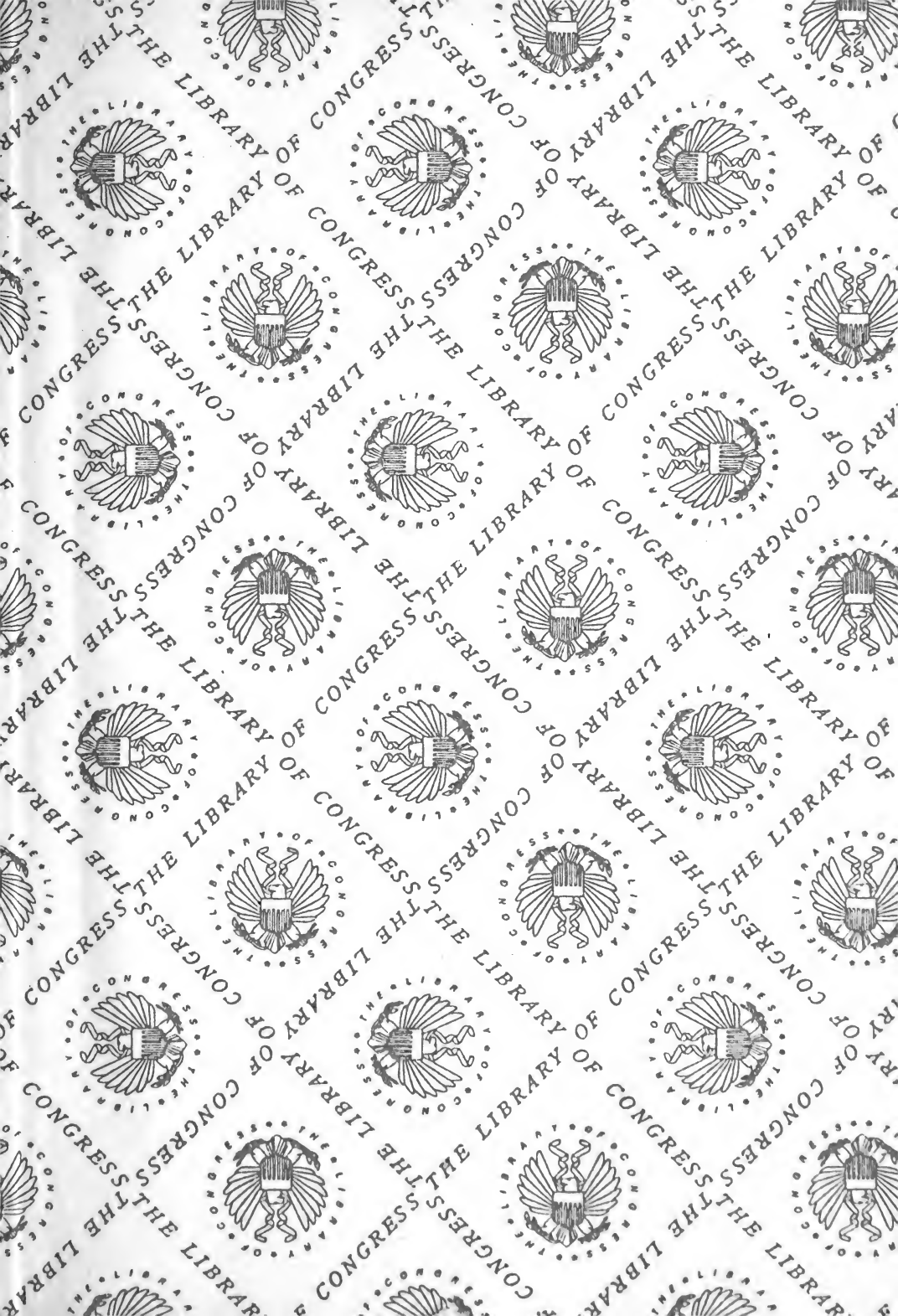


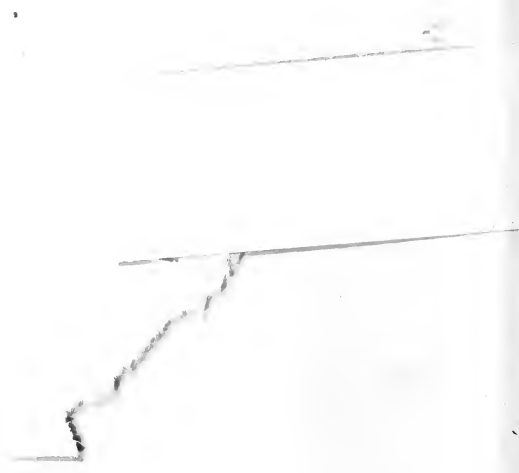
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205



Affectionately your friend
Henry Sylvester Bedaine.

A Precious Jewel

BY
HENRY SYLVESTER BEDAINE
OF ILLINOIS

33



COMMEMORATING
THE EVENTS OF SATURDAY, JULY FIFTH
ANNO DOMINI NINETEEN TWO
AND OTHER PLEASANT
IMPRESSIONS


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BY

HENRY SYLVESTER BEDAINE

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SPECIAL PUBLICATIONS
SPECIAL PUBLICATIONS

TO THAT
PRECIOUS JEWEL

Miss Mary Bedaine

THIS
TOKEN OF ESTEEM
IS LOVINGLY
DEDICATED

Preface • Prelude

A P R E C I O U S J E W E L



THIS work has been prepared for the exclusive use of one whose life, overflowing with the sublime graces of ideal loveliness, has suggested its title.

But the radiance of these graces transcends the sparkle of the most PRECIOUS JEWEL; is more tender than the light of evening's silver stars; is sweeter than the fairest flower that sheds its fragrance in valley or on hillside.

Is it strange that the *living* JEWEL, the *pearl*, should be the birthstone of one so PRECIOUS?

May this beautiful life, this PRECIOUS JEWEL, whose passing touch has proved an enduring inspiration, long be preserved, a blessing to every one with whom it comes in contact.

Truly,

"It is these that are worth the praises of earth,
For we find them but once in a while"

THE AUTHOR.

Springfield, Illinois,

August 5th, 1902.



A P R E C I O U S J E W E L



I'VE traveled o'er this mundane sphere,
north, south and east and west ;
Among the charming scenes of earth, I've
viewed some of the best—
On inland seas, whose waves of green are
capped with grains of gold,
Or 'neath Niagara's mighty flood—a wonder
to behold.

I've been in old Missouri, where you always
must "*show me,*"
And where boys "*carry*" girls to church, in
sunny Tennessee ;
But of all trips ever taken—and some were
grand ones, too,—
The best of my experience permit me to
review.



The Traveler's Tale



A P R E C I O U S J E W E L



T WAS 'way up in "My Michigan," in
Clinton county, near
The rippling brook called Lookingglass because
it is so clear,
That a gentle little pony in the shafts once
looked so neat,
And, neighing, offered us a ride if we would
take a seat.

When thus Miss Mary and myself were started
on our way,
It gave me pleasure to remark, "'Twill be a
lovely day."
As it had rained for weeks and weeks, till the
beet fields wouldn't drain,
Miss Mary smiled as she replied, "'Twill—
if it doesn't rain."



A P R E C I O U S J E W E L



We met a good old lover when we'd passed the
bridge a bit.

He bowed and spoke in charming tones,
"It's a nice day, isn't it?"

As I had been forewarned I held a quite atten-
tive ear,

And heard a softer voice reply, (?) "It always
is, my dear."

No matter though the skies be black, with
tempests all about,

And sugar beets their feet get wet, till the
sugar all soaks out;

Though thunders roll and torrents fall from
darkening clouds above,

"The world is full of beauty when the heart is
full of love."





A P R E C I O U S J E W E L



Then, as we passed along the road, we spoke
of Sunday school,

And thought it paid good girls and boys to
mind the Golden Rule.

We found the next day's lesson based upon
"The Manna Sent,"

Then talked about the Epworth League, with
MARY—PRESIDENT.

We thought the League a worthy move, designed
to do much good

By giving useful work to do and richest mental
food;

In fact, discussed most everything true, laud-
able and right,—

And how high the neighbors' chickens perchance
might roost that night.



A P R E C I O U S J E W E L



Now, Mary was a schoolma'am, and, 'twas said,
a good one, too,

So I asked her how she managed the unwieldy
to subdue.

[The other teachers whip with sticks, and
frown, and scold, and fret,

Then fail.] Said she, "*I rule with love; this
secret don't forget.*"

This love must be an awful thing;—it terrorizes
boys;

Makes little girls afraid to talk or cause the
slightest noise;

Prompts older folks to quarrel sometimes—
at least, they tell me so—

Don't quote me as authority; I do not claim
to know.





A P R E C I O U S J E W E L



We came upon a farmer who was raking up his hay.

I asked him how Miss Mary ruled her school in such a way.

As his visage filled with sunshine, he exclaimed, "I tell ye, sir,—

PRECIOUS JEWEL—*they just couldn't—couldn't help a lovin' her!*"

For fully two long seconds then I couldn't speak a word,

So Mary introduced a song—a song I'd never heard.

The anthem was, "My Michigan," and, well, the least to say,

"Banks of the Wabash" lost its charms with "Good Bye, Dolly Gray."



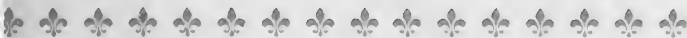


A P R E C I O U S J E W E L



My cousin's home we reached ere long, Rosalie
Hodges' place;
For eighteen circuits 'round the sun, I had not
seen that face;
But that glad smile of sweetness was recalled
from bygone years—
Years checkered well with good and ill, with
gladness and with tears.

Oh, when we sever earthly sight, let parting
give us pain!
Who knows the times or seasons till our hands
shall clasp again?
Will fleeting human nature, dipped in life's
unceasing stream,
Sink 'neath the sea of æons ere we catch
another gleam?





A P R E C I O U S J E W E L



In Mr. and Mrs. Hodges' home were two cute little boys,
Whose bright and witty sayings added mirth to all its joys.
I took the younger on my knees, and asked whom he loved best—
Mary or me—and his reply accepted as a jest.

In this fair home five hours were spent—no better hours could be—
And just as we were taking leave, Miss Mary said to me: (?)
“How handy if you Springfield boys could harness up a mule!”
When I was pleased to show her I had studied in that school.



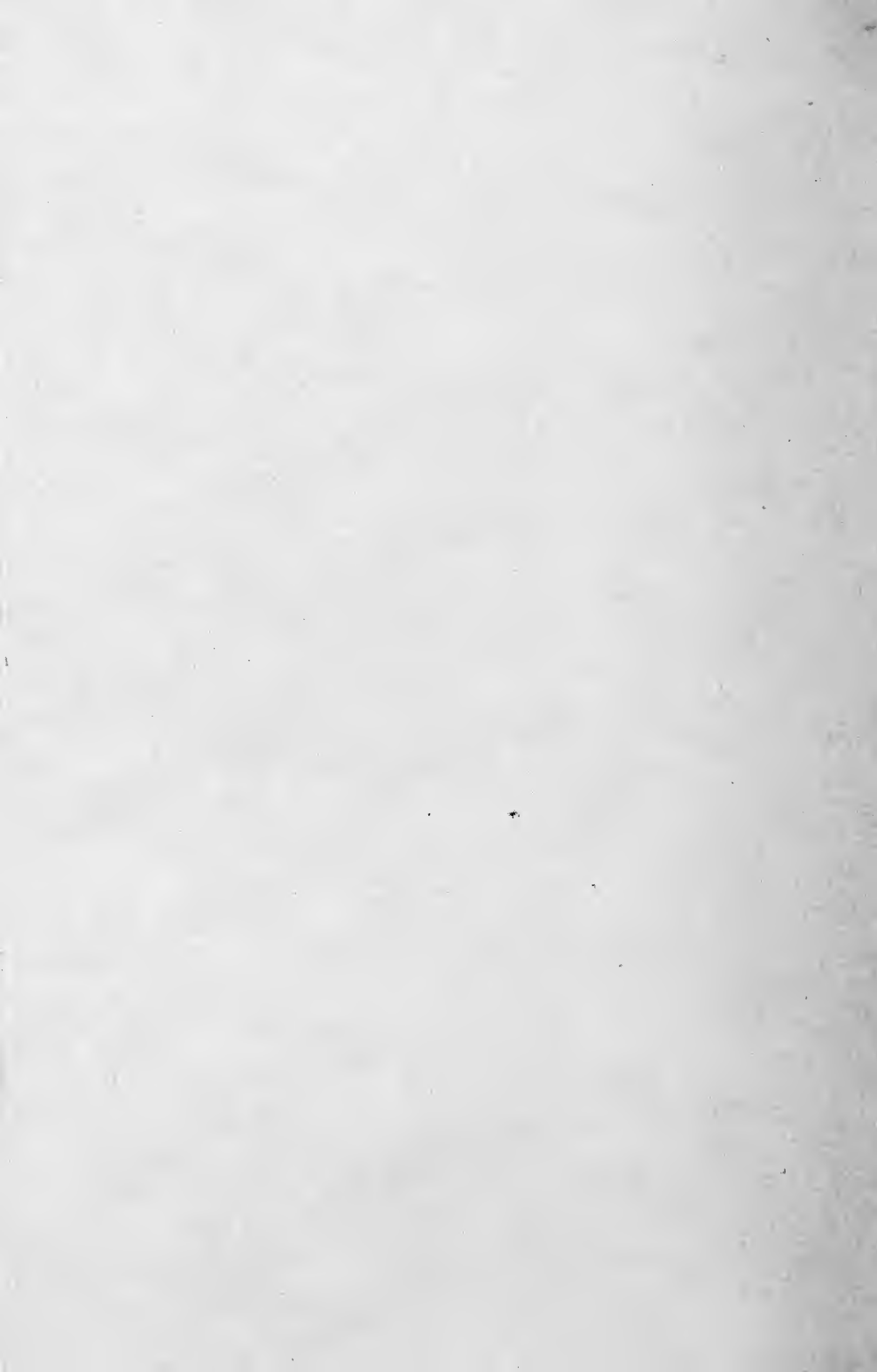
A P R E C I O U S J E W E L



And when we passed the cherry trees, say, did
we take a one?
We didn't chop with hatchets like young
Georgie Washington,
Or Carrie Nation, latter-day; but, lest the truth
be blurred,
Don't ask about the ripened fruit, and we'll
not say a word.

We made the lilies bow their heads while we
were passing by;
But the buggy wouldn't tip at all with wheels
toward the sky.
We plucked the elder blossoms till the shrubs,
I know, felt vexed;
The wild strawberries wondered, too, what could
be coming next.





A P R E C I O U S J E W E L



We visited a mansion on a hill just to the
right;
But couldn't wait for supper on that lovely
summer night,
Though we liked those dear young people, who
insisted that we stay,
For other cousins we must see, and that all in
one day.

When we had driven half a mile, upon this
thought we "hit:"
Perhaps we'd better turn around and go back
to DeWitt.
DeWitt is just a lovely place—tall, waving,
shady trees,
Inviting to the traveler as they catch the even-
ing breeze.





A P R E C I O U S J E W E L



While resting on the public square, the people
all came down

And wondered what great pers'nages were
visiting their town.

We called upon the hardware store; we saw the
train rush through,

And Mary greeted "grandpa," 'cause her
"grandpa" loved her, too.

We turned our faces homeward soon; the town
was lost from sight;

I knew her mamma wouldn't scold for being
out that night—

Her escort was so very good (bold vanity
avows)—

Not that;—*sweet mother's gentle heart no
unkind word allows.*



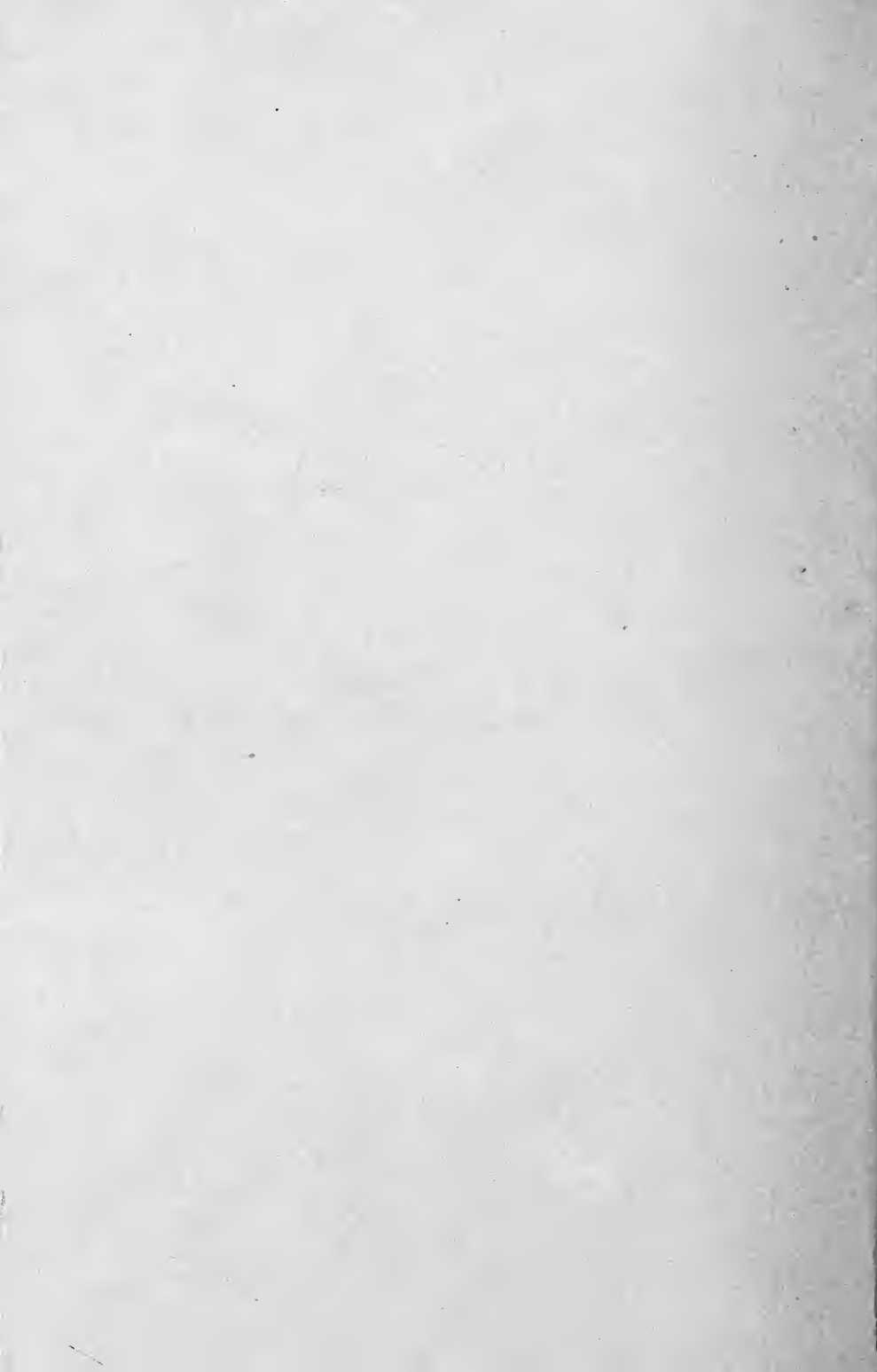
A P R E C I O U S J E W E L



The silver stars with tender eyes peered
through ethereal blue ;
Earth donned the beauties of the night when
kissed by twilight dew,
And all was silence, rest and peace—each
weary toiler slept,
Save one who waited for her own, and loving
vigil kept.

We reached the home—*sweet home*—at last,
where greetings were so kind
It seemed like painting roses since the trip we
have in mind.
Perhaps the story better close;—if prince or
king should see
The things recorded heretofore, he well might
envy me.





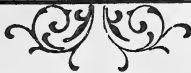
Epilogue





Having the glory
of God: and
her light was like
unto a stone most
Precious

And they shall be
Mine, * * * * *
in that day when
I make up my
Jewels



A PRECIOUS JEWEL



WHEN the Master comes for jewels bright,
to claim them for His own,
If chosen to select the best from the richest
I have known,
I might bring them by the hundred to His feet
and lay them down,
But I'd set this PRECIOUS JEWEL in the center
of His crown.

Though angels speak of jasper walls with
chalcedony rare;
With sapphire, topaz, emerald, in rich pro-
fusion there;
The seventh stone a chrysolite; the eighth
foundation, beryl—
*The City's gates through which we'll pass are
made of living PEARL.*





A P R E C I O U S J E W E L



Cast down your gold of transient worth, in
which your pride may trust;

Resolve your carbon diamonds to their first
primeval dust—

Know thou, mankind, SWEET CHARACTER,
the *one* unfailing prize;

The only gem you'll carry hence to set in
yonder skies.

If you wish a glad EXAMPLE of rare sweetness,
truth and grace,

Exalted wings of cherubims spread o'er its
holy place,

With kindness, love and mercy, pure as dew
upon the flower,

This PRECIOUS JEWEL you should see on any
day or hour.



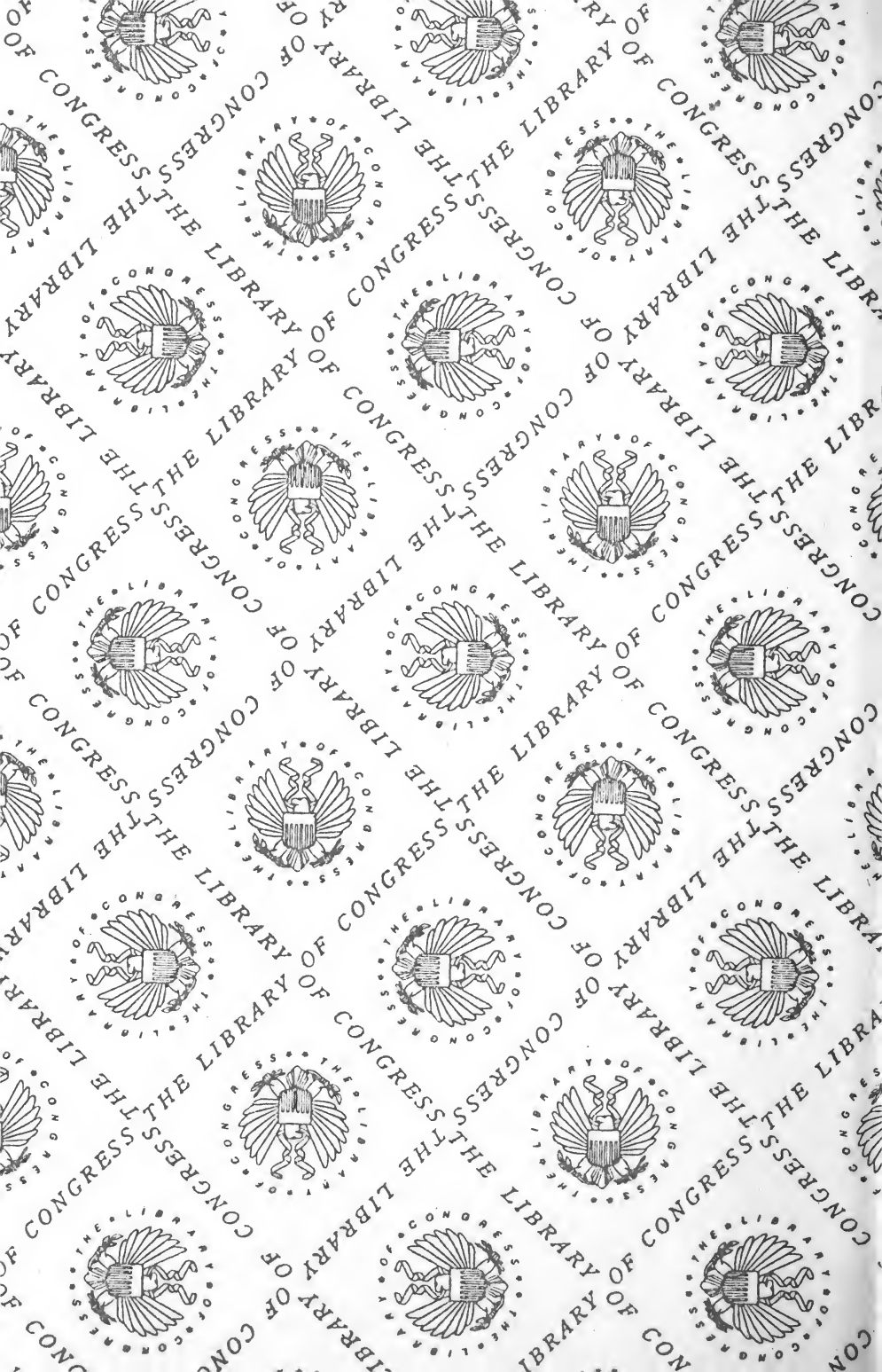


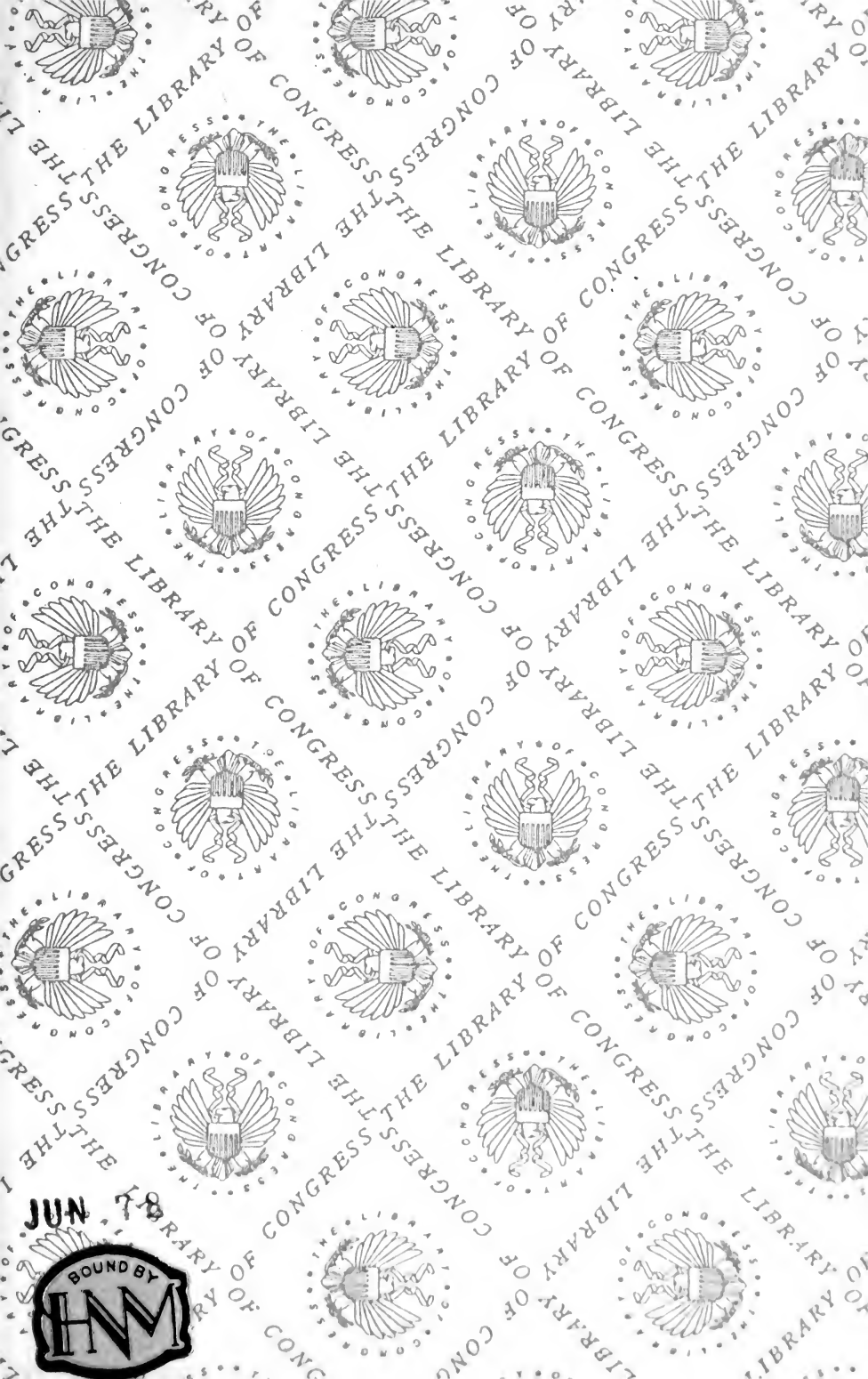
A PRECIOUS JEWEL











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